YUKI HARTMAN

POEM

A poor speller's accomplishment in the linguistic fields
Of that tongue, frequent erasures and changes to show
A decisive handicap in written examinations
A clear-cut early reading disability
The subsequent choice of wrong diphthongs and phonograms
"Seems that it wasn't right but couldn't see what's wrong with it"
The phonetic values of the letters of the alphabet
Misplaced as the audible range of silent skills
Sit quietly through a fairly long drill practice
With excellent attention: What explodes the mute heart.

SUSAN CATALDO

THE NIGHT SHIFT

It's daylight in the clouds
over a misty sleeping City
This place, this space
is high & wet & lost
to the yawning faces
of workers yet risen
but beginning to stir
Tired eyes & brains
with vague memories
of midnight man terminals
Phones, typewriters,
the whole mishagas is
temporary, still, at 6:00
a.m., where I am
at the end of the night
shifting to day
Dreams of changeable skies
await display on the
internal terminal screen
They interface downward
like a kite
I call them up
They answer
The index is endless
The capacity to store new
information, at least for today,
is limitless, although someday
it may all get damaged or lost
with no hope of recovery
I’m beyond user friendly,
a silhouette in a polaroid-blue screen
The answer to tomorrow’s confusion:
for you to know it
The final victory for humanity:
to design a microchip of our minds
The sad truth:
the word processor doesn’t even know
its own name.

JANUARY VACATIONS

Three days of low energy
No energy, friend,
Has more to do with weather
Than we guess
More snow?
When?
and how much?
What else have we accomplished
this week?
Accomplishments are fleeting
like the days
Nothing stays
Sometimes that’s horrible
Sometimes,
well you know
sometimes things pass too quickly by us
and we have regrets
(One should never regret
a vacation no matter how big
a hole it leaves in the purse)
So what was I thinking anyway
before, when I felt maybe
I had made a mistake
in taking off for so long
I was bored for awhile
All life is dormant now
So why expect to be
more fantastic than any tree
who's nobility transcends
any needs to do better
but merely accepts
the cycles of change
with grace
Just get some sleep
There are icicles on the fire
escape steps and they are beautiful